

The argument of five and six

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Summary: My OC arguing with Jorge, who in turn is the person she is in love with. Not the best, I can say that. I may add second chapter later.

The argument of five and six

Casey stared at the Spartan in front of her, his expression solid with anger andâ€|Worry? She wasn't sure. "Casey, why didn't you tell me this before, you knew this was important for the team." He said, his height towering over hers. "I'm sorry Jorge; I didn't want anyone to be focusing on me because of some flaw that had happened a couple of years ago. I won't let something like this to interfere with my job as a Spartan of Noble Team." She said. "This could be something that could become serious though, and you of all know this. With your side being mostly robotic it could cause problems." He snapped. "What problems Jorge? I don't see any problems. Nothings ever happened since I have gotten this done. If it hadn't been for I wouldn't be here right now. You wouldn't even have a Noble Six if it weren't for her." Casey's voice was rattled with anger and hurt. This wasn't something that she wanted to admit, a small weakness that had happen a long time ago.

-Flashback-

"Just get that damn bomb onto that ship!" Casey shouted out to a marine. "I'll cover you, just make sure it gets there, and make it fast." Casey's voice was loud over both the shouting and gun fire. The marine nodded and ran out from the cover the two were using. Casey quickly followed behind, her pace almost matching his. When an elite jumped out from beside a building with a sword in hand she jumped forward pushing the marine to the side, thus resulting in Casey being stabbed in the side. With a grunt she shot the elite with the shotgun she had in hand. The elite's bluish blood spurted out and it screamed in pain. Casey shot again, more bluish blood spurted out and another agonizing scream from the elite as it fell, pulling the

sword out of her side as it fell. That just made things worse for her._

Casey let out a small painful scream as the sword pulled out, ripping and tearing a small chunk of black under-armor and flesh. She released her gun and it hit the ground with a 'clink'. She clutched her side. She then looked up at the marine. "Get that damn bomb on to that ship!" She shouted. Though she was in immense pain, she forced herself to bend down and grab her shot gun. "GO!" She screamed. The marine starred at her for a second before turning and making a run towards a covenant carrier ship. Casey ran painfully after him, blood oozed out of the large wound on her side. Her and the marine ran up to a rock and pressed their backs up against it. "I'm going to go get their attention; you just make sure to get that bomb on that ship. Do not stop for anything; even if you see me get shot down you better keep going." She hissed to the marine.

"But Ma'am, your side." He said, slight worry was written on his face. "Don't worry about my side, this is nothing compared to what I'm going to do to them." Her voice was tattered with hatred. "Remember, just keep going, and do not stop!" The marine just nodded. Casey peered around the corner. There was a group of grunts surrounding two hunters, and there was only two elite's. Shit, this could be my end. She thought. She knew going up against a group this large alone was a giant risk, and she knew she would most likely die in the process, but she didn't hesitate as she jumped out from around the rock and ran towards the group. She felt nothing but hatred running through her veins as she made her way towards the group. Pictures of her family and friends were flashing in her mind. She knew she would most likely never make it out alive, and if she did then god bless her.

Casey shot at the covenant as she ran, killing off some of the grunts as she closed in on the groups. Plasma hit her armor and under armor as she ran, some of the plasma bullets hitting close to her injured side and some hitting in the same place twice. As she got closer and closer to the hunters she could see the marine board the ship out of the corner of her helmet. Good luck. She thought. Before she could even register what happen next she fell to the ground, screaming in pain as she fell. The only thing she saw was a bright green streak and then she was on the ground, everything around went black.

-End Flashback-

"Casey, the team can't take another lose!" Jorge snapped. "You think I don't know that! Why do you think I continue to be a Spartan, why do you think I agreed to join Noble Team? I didn't just join to leave an open space and die. I don't think so!" Her voice was becoming cold, and she began to feel fear rising up inside of her. "I don't just plane on dying just yet, and if you don't like the fact that I want to continue fighting then that's just too bad." She hissed out as she turned and walked off. _I'm not just going to sit around and watch people around me die._ She thought. _I just can't do that._ She walked out of the room, anger pulsing through every inch of her body as she walked.

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Casey lay down onto her cot and starred up at the ceiling. She was

wearing a tight black tube top and baggy tan cargo pants, and dark belt was fastened around her pants. She had returned to the barracks to relax, she was tired of being out around everyone. Her dark purple eyes showed pain as she placed her arm over her stomach and her hand landed onto her robotic side. So many memories were flooding into her mind, many that she thought she had forgotten long ago with her past.

She was so focused on her own thoughts that she hadn't even noticed Carter enter the barracks. "Lieutenant, you OK?" His voice sounded through the large room. Casey jumped up into a sitting position and looked over at Carter. "Yeah." She lied before looking down at her lap and going back into her thoughts. She hadn't even noticed that Carter had stopped by her cot and sat down on it. "You don't seem OK." He said. Casey jumped again. She looked up at him, pain slightly shown through her eyes. "It'sâ€¦" She wanted to talk about it, but she didn't want to just blurt out what was bothering her to her commander.

"Casey?" His voice sounded strange. Was it worry that she heard in his voice? Her eyes glittered in pain as her eyes trailed back down. "Jorge and I just got into a huge argument, said some things we really shouldn't have. It's just bringing back a lot of painful memories that I thought I had forgotten long ago." Her voice hung with a strange tint. She was nervous. Carter reached up and placed his hand onto her shoulder. "Sometimes it's a good thing we remember." He said softly. "I know." Her voice was husk with pain and fear. He squeezed her shoulder slightly and said, "If you want to talk you come and find me Casey." His voice was gentle and caring. Something she only heard from him when he talked to Kat. She looked up at Carter, who was already standing. "Ok." She said. As Carter began to walk away she jumped up off her cot and sped walked over to Carter and reached forward grabbing Carter by the hand.

"Carter, wait." She said as she watched him stop and face her. She still gripped his hand; it was a light almost fearful grip. "Thank you." She said her expression soft. A small smile came onto her commander's face. "No problem Lieutenant." He looked relieved. Casey felt herself smile and she nodded as she released his hand.

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Casey rolled over and rolled out of the cot with an 'omph' as she hit the ground. She let out a small agitated moan and stood up. With a sigh she looked at her cot and lay back down onto it, but instead of lying on her back she laid onto her side. "Casey." A small whisper came from behind her. Casey looked behind her and looked up at Jorge who was standing by her cot. He wore a tight white tank and shorts. "Yeah?" She asked softly so she wouldn't wake the others. She rolled over and scooted back on the cot to enable room for Jorge to sit on the cot. He sat down onto the cot and looked forward. Casey could just hardly see his facile figures in the dark room.

"Jorge?" She whispered. She then thought back to their earlier argument. _Oh, he must want to talk about that._ She thought with a small sigh. She then propped herself up with her elbows. "Uhm, sorry aboutâ€¦" She started, but was cut off by Jorge talking. "You don't need to apologize for anything Casey; I'm the one who should be apologizing. I was just worried earlier." His voice had a hint of sadness in it. Casey smiled softly and sat up fully and squirmed

herself up against Jorge and placed her head onto his shoulder as she reached forward with both hands and gripping one of his hands in them in a loving sort of manor. She felt him tense under the touch and her smile grew. "It's fine." She whispered. She then felt him relax and gripped one of her hands slightly. He still felt a little tense to her and she lifted her head to look at him.

His stare was else ware. "Jorge, really it's ok." She said as she pressed herself closer to him. He looked over at her with uncertainty written on his face. "Jorge?" Her voice was filled with concern. He shifted slightly too just barely face her and brought both hands up and placing them around Casey and pulled her into a hug. "I'm really sorry for earlier Casey." He whispered, there was so much hurt in his voice. Casey's eye's were wide as she was drawn into the hug, but quickly recovered and pressed herself closer to him and placed her head onto his chest. "Jorge, truly it's OK. What happened earlier is done and over with now. It's nothing to worry about now." She slowly closed her eyes as she relaxed into his grip. "I'm not mad about it. To be honest, I was worried." She shifted her head to look up at him, their eyes locked. "Worried?" He questioned softly. She frowned slightly, something she really didn't do. "I was worried thatâ€¦ Maybe you were still really mad at me, I didn't want to lose someone I care for because I was being stupid and selfish." She answered her voice soft. She saw him smile and she got slightly confused. "You're not selfish, and you certainly aren't stupid." He whispered.

Casey went to argue, but was cut off by him lowering himself and placing a gentle kiss onto her lips. She stiffened and her cheeks heated. This was something that always happened when he kissed her around others. She shyly kissed him back and he drew away, and placed his forehead onto hers. "Don't argue." He said smoothly. Casey just smiled and closed her eyes. She was happy, she was only ever happy when she was around him, for he was the only one who had won her heart.

End
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